

GREAT NATIONAL CALAMITY.

The pulp mill has decided to establish itself at Covington instead of Caldwell, so say all the reports, and we suppose that the bells are all ringing and the people celebrating in Hinton for now they will have the mixture they drink assured them. Caldwell, Ronceverte, and Lewisburg are so cut up over the asininity of the town of Hinton, however, that they are ready to turn the river from its course so that it will not pass Hinton. Hinton will hear of this for many a day, for the loss of the industry the State will be felt by all within its bounds.

The history of the whole business can be related briefly. The West Virginia Paper Company found itself in pressing need of a supply of spruce wood, and made large purchases in this county, where there is so much spruce that the mind of man can not form a conception of the vast amount. This timber was to have been manufactured into pulp at Caldwell where the Greenbrier meets the main line of the C. & O., and a couple of farms were purchased for the site. The mills when completed were completed would employ 1200 men, and altogether it was to be the biggest affair of its kind in the world. Then there seemed to be a great future for Caldwell, and Ronceverte and Lewisburg expected to be consolidated with Caldwell in a short time in one great city. Electric railways, banks, improvement companies, and other enterprises were projected. But all things are uncertain in this life.

Hinton, feeling slighted in not being benefited by this prosperity, and being further informed that a very sacred edifice where the Hinton people worship called the round-house would be moved to Caldwell, commenced to complain about having such a manufactory above them on the spring branch from which they took their water. The water-works finally served a notice on the pulp company that they would take steps against them in the courts if they presumed to pollute the stream.

Capital is always timid, and in this case the company was foot-loose, and the people of Covington coming forward at this time and offering inducements, the pulp company apparently will dispose of their farms at Caldwell and go over the mountains some thirty miles into Virginia. This makes a longer haul for the material in the log, but not so long in the manufactured product.

Pocahontas county was not necessarily affected by the change, but reports began to be circulated that the railroad instead of being built up the river would be built from Covington to Travelers Repose. Marlinton has lost the railroad so often that it knows how to stand a bereavement of this kind and remained calm. In the meantime the work has gone on steadily, and present indications are that the road will be built as far as Marlinton this summer.

We believe that too much importance has been attached in the minds of the public to the pulp company as a freight contributor. Everyone has spoken of the pulp company as the chief customer of the Greenbrier Railway, and the highest estimate has been that they will have hauled over the road 36,000,000 feet of lumber annually. We have been informed that the Greenbrier Lumber Company have contracted to furnish freight to the amount of 50,000,000 feet annually.

It is believed by some that the report of the beef inquiry which is in the hands of the President finds that some of the lesser officials in the commissary department were remiss and favors their court-martial. The men high up in the department go free. General Miles proposes to carry the matter to Congress.

Another rule has been added to the politician's list. "Never eat dinners at any price." The papers reported generally that Bryan ate with colored people. The partisan press denounces this as a lie. Issue is joined, now for the evidence. There will be none and the verdict, if it be such, will crop out again and again, and no one can prove it.

For The Times. The Construction Nuts.

"Last Saturday Lane Bros. unloaded a lot of mules and carts at Caldwell."—MADAM RUMOR.

Toot the horns and beat the drum. The railroad mules and carts have come!

They can't affect our hopes and fears With corps of railroad engineers. We've had such symptoms all along. They could not move us into song. But now's the time to tear your shirt. For they've begun to shovel dirt. In every vale, by every stream The engineers tents did gleam; With transit and surveying chains They've measured every stream with pains. Some thirty years or more ago, We were excited by such show; But men grew up and men grew old, The railroad came not as foretold. Till when they set their stakes about, The farmer calmly pulled them out. Admitting their superior sense, We say, with all due deference, That while they give us cause to shout, We've seen their railroads peter out. But as to mules, that is a critter, Which hasn't any time to fritter, They make not any vain survey, They excavate the right of way, And when you see them on the route, The locomotive soon will toot.

(When the news came that we had lost another railroad we felt constrained to change the tune.)

What dire foreboding! What dark melancholy! How dread and dreary is the lonesome day!

On yesterday our railroad slipped the trolley, And now it all seems spirited away!

Down you deserted valley day by day A host of engineers by rede and rule, Have worked assiduously to blaze the way.

And smooth the path for the construction mule.

One day our prospects fair appeared all right—

The day the mules showed up we gave a whoop! But now the railroad's vanished in a night.

Once more we see it vamoosel "Through the coop!"

Trust not the evanescent engineers. By them alone the work cannot advance; They've built at railroads every year for years—

Let them stand back and give the mule a chance!

GENERAL AVERILL.

On the first page is an article on the movements of General Averill of the Union army, which took place in this section as the writer understands them. He belongs to the younger generation and has heard of Averill all his life, but found it difficult to acquire an understanding of Averill's campaign, and it is somewhat doubtful if any two persons living in the county in 1863 saw the same things. When from some elevated point a citizen saw a troop of cavalry he hurried on before them warning the people to hide their horses. With the fear of a Northern prison before them the men would go in hiding until the country was clear of them again. The women rose to the occasion and remained at home with their children. One lady when the warning came that the county was full of troops again took a fine mule on which the crop depended and led him far back in the woods and tied him up. She then returned and the danger having passed she went to bring him in, and found that she had failed to note the place she had left him. She had hunted a long time, when the mule began to bray and so gave her an idea of his location. One citizen's experience on the retreat through the county can be given briefly. A tenant's family was down with diphtheria. The tenant himself was in the Southern army as a substitute. The farmer rode to the house of an old lady in the neighborhood, on William T. Beard's farm. Before he had dismounted two men in grey uniform rode up. He had thought them Confederates, but it was the advance guard of Averill. They cocked their pistols in his face and said, "You are our prisoner." He said there was no doubt of that. He recognized one of the men as being the son of a tenant of his. This man said that they must have the horse but they would only detain him a short while. They then went to where the creek crosses the road at Isaac McNeel's Mill Creek farm. There he saw a lot of the horses die from utter exhaustion. The army had just crossed the river and all their powder was wet. They had come down the Spice Run road, and the men had dragged the heavy artillery up to the river hill. They wanted to know if there was any way of getting them north without passing the Marlin's Bottom bridge where they expected to be cut off. They were

told that there was no road which was practicable for artillery. They proceeded to Hillsboro and placed their prisoners, about eighty men and boys, in the old academy to sleep.

His wife then said: "That was the 22d of December. We heard the sound of the artillery on the frozen road just about bed-time, and that was the first we knew the Yankees were about. We had suspected something when A. had not come home. Two old gentlemen who were refugees went out of the house and hid."

"The next morning I went up to the tenant house to find out what had become of A., if I could, and when I stepped in the door there lay an eight year old child dead in the bed, its mother and another child in the same room so sick they could not attend to it. I went to Hillsboro and found out where A. was, and came back and prepared the dead child for burial. The night before, I had left the curtains up so that if A. came home he could see in. At 2 o'clock in the morning a Yankee came and looked in at the window. I asked him what he wanted and he said something to eat. I made a black girl get up and give him a loaf of bread, and he went away."

Her husband continued: "The next morning the prisoners were put in front and the army advanced towards Marlinton. At Frank Cochran's they were bushwhacked, several shots being fired from the brush to the east of the road. "The whole army was in better spirits when they passed the bridge without being intercepted. Stony Creek was frozen over but not hard enough to bear a man. The soldiers on foot and the prisoners were walking a foot-log. A big Dutch cavalryman shouted, "you, jump in!" and a lot of the prisoners jumped in the water, which was about waist deep.

"At Edray we were put inside some guards and the pickets went to sleep at once. I determined to leave that night, for I was satisfied all the powder was wet and they could not fire it. The man who knew me came about that time and took me before General Averill, whose headquarters were in the Robert Moore house at Edray. He was a young, slender man; his feet were frozen and wrapped in sacks. He said he did not think he wanted me and gave me a pass home. I came to Marlin's Bottom that night and got the first bite to eat I had had since noon the day before. Some of the prisoners were taken to Camp Chase."

The Times hopes that others will contribute some of their personal experiences and other matters connected with those stirring times.

A HIGHLAND FLING.

We are informed the latest on the railroad question is that it is reported that the pulp mill will not be built at Caldwell as first intended, but at Covington, which move will change the route of the road. It will join with the C. & O. at Hot Springs, cross the Alleghany at Driscol, run up Knapps Creek by Frost and Green Bank to Travelers Repose. Should this be true what would become of Marlinton?—Highland Recorder.

"In that case Marlinton would make Driscol her depot. We have made special arrangements with that town to the effect that if we get a railroad they will patronize it, and if they get a railroad we will go to it for our goods. And in either event Pocahontas will be benefitted. We do not believe that the Recorder asks the question in good faith. We believe that anything connected with railroads reminds it of \$50,000 and a railroad, and that it grows sour. It thinks of the days when the gold brick men came to Highland and said, give us \$50,000, payable when a certain amount of work is done, and we will build you a railroad. This was done and the sod has long grown on the right of way. Their sacrifice has not been in vain for their example has always kept this county from sinking money thus, and now that the right men have come along we find they do not expect such help.

Mrs Anna George was acquitted of the charge of having shot Saxton, the brother-in-law of the President. While the evidence was tolerably conclusive that she had killed him, the man had so wronged her that the jury had good reason to find reasonable doubt in the evidence which was circumstantial.

THE GEORGIA LYNCHING.

Just as the details of Sam Hose, the negro's crime exceeded in horror anything preceding it, so the retribution visited upon him by the maddened crowd exceeded any punishment ever recorded in history. "Never was a man so tortured by the savage or by the holy Inquisition. Hose crept up behind his employer while he was at supper and sunk an ax in his head. The wife saw the blow descend. The negro then tore a nursing babe from the woman's breast and threw it across the room where it fell in its fathers blood. He then threw the woman down beside the dead body of her husband and holding her in a pool of warm blood, ravished her. She has suffered a thousand deaths since then."

Hose was in hiding ten days and that period was not the least of his punishment. He was seized and a crowd of 2000 people tortured him to death. They bound him with a chain to a tree. They cut off his ears and his fingers; they emasculated him; they then burned him to death slowly. The details sickened the reader and we had thought that we would not refer to the horror in our paper. But we deem it a duty to spread this report that every citizen both white and colored may say with us that we will do what we can to prevent the recurrence of such scenes.

The reasoning that the populace of Georgia put upon the black fiend's actions was that having fulfilled his vow and killed a white man, he must die, and that no additional punishment could be given him, no matter what else he did, and so the punishment was made to fit the crime as near as might be.

Northern people can not understand how a community of people are driven insane and a lynching occurs. With all, beneath the veneer of civilization, there exists something of the savage. It has been but a comparatively short time since persons accuse of witchcraft were lynched in New England. Mere words on the part of Northern newspaper writers are out of place. All a man can do is to pray to be delivered from the effects of this hideous crime, and to resolve that if it comes his way to maintain that calmness and self-control without which he is a savage and a mere creature of impulse.

W. B. Maxwell, a prominent attorney at Parsons, Tucker County, turned all his property over to C. O. Strieby as trustee for the benefit of his creditors. He gave in his assets as \$52,000 and liabilities as \$8,000. There ought not to be much trouble in making this estate pay dollar for dollar.—West Virginia News.

The News does not seem to be very well acquainted with the methods of the lawyers of that section of the State.

THE THOROUGHBRED IMPORT- ED FRENCH COACH STALLION, DAPLON NO. 88

Will make the Season of '899 at Academy and Jacox.

Daplon is a richly bred coacher imported by Powell Bros. of Shade- land. Is a rich mahogany bay, 16 1/2 hands, weighs 1400 lbs., is a fearless and showy driver, will work any place he is hitched and as a sire transmits these essential qualities.

S. E. MCNEEL, R. M. & J. W. BEARD, Owners.

COMRADE M. H. DeLong.



of Schuylerville, N. Y., who served in Company E, 25th Vermont Volunteers, had other foes to battle with after his return from the late war. He recently wrote:

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We will be headquarters for

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This season as we want

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Respectfully,
Hannah & Harper.
Frost, W. Va.

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MILL POINT, WEST VIRGINIA.

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Huntersville and Frost.

I will treat all alike both rich and poor, and positively will not sell any goods on time. If the lady needs anything in the millinery line come either to Huntersville or Frost. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Yours for business,
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We are the leaders in low prices on all goods in our line, consisting in part of Dry Goods, Notions, Hats, Men's, Ladies and Children's Footwear, Hats, Caps, Men and Boys Shoes, Laces, Mittens, and Children's Shoes, Carpets, Rugs, Matting, Floor Oil Cloth and Linoleum, Men and Boys Clothing, Neck wear, Suspenders, &c. Tailor-made Suits, guaranteed to fit, from one of the best houses in the world. A full line of Fresh Groceries, Sack Salt, &c. &c.

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Respectfully,
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Good Rice	6c	Ladies Shirt Waists	25c to 35c
Good Coffee	9c	Men's Solid Oil Grain Shoes ..	\$1.00
Tobacco, per bag	3c	Men's Four-bladed Knives	15c
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Good Oil, per gallon	15c	Large Ewers and Baskets	80c
100 Lbs Hooks	10c	Corn Starch, per box	5c
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5 packages Needles and 1 pair per Plus	5c	200 Matches	1c
Good Calico per yard	5c	Bristle Horse Brush	10c
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Men's Summer Coats each	25c	Good Table Oil Cloth	16c
Men's Working Shirts	25 to 35c	7lbs Good Baking Soda	25c
Men's Fancy Shirts	30c to 55c	Carriage Bolts from 3 to 5 inch ..	5c
		Men's Clothing very cheap.	

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L. D. SHARP,
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Insert on "Lion" Coffee. Never ground near a bulk. None Genuine without Lion's head.

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